

# TALES OF THE UNUSUAL

STORY/ART BY SUNGDAE OH

THE PACKAGE: PART 2

HUH?

WHAT'S  
THIS...?

IT'S AN  
AWARD THAT  
I GOT IN MIDDLE  
SCHOOL.



THAT'S RIGHT...  
THIS IS WHEN  
I STARTED HAVING  
ALL KINDS OF SILLY  
DREAMS.

HOW COULD  
SOMEONE LIKE  
ME BECOME A  
WRITER...?

BUT THEN,  
I DIDN'T REALLY  
PUT IN MUCH EFFORT  
EITHER...



ACTUALLY,  
I HAD KIND OF  
AVERAGE TALENT  
TOO.



I USED  
WRITER'S  
BLOCK AS AN  
EXCUSE TO START  
SMOKING.

IT'S PRETTY  
FUNNY WHEN I  
THINK BACK ON IT NOW.  
WHAT WOULD A  
MIDDLE SCHOOLER  
KNOW..?

WAIT.  
THIS IS NO  
TIME TO BE  
GETTING LOST IN  
MEMORIES.



WHO  
THE F\*CK SENT  
THIS TO ME?

IT'S  
FILLED WITH STUFF  
THAT I DON'T EVEN  
REMEMBER THROWING  
AWAY...

RUMMAGE

RUMMAGE

ISN'T  
THIS A BIT  
MUCH EVEN FOR  
A JOKE?

OH,  
WHAT'S  
THIS?

ENTER

IT'S  
'ENTER'?

SSK

A grayscale illustration of a person with dark, shoulder-length hair sitting at a desk. They are looking down at their hands, which are resting on a laptop. The person is wearing a dark, short-sleeved shirt. The background is dark and indistinct.

**I SUDDENLY  
GOT REALLY INTO  
COMPUTERS AFTER  
SEEING A SHOW ABOUT  
HACKERS. THAT MUST HAVE  
BEEN WHEN I WAS STUDYING  
TO RETAKE THE SATS..**

**NOT  
THAT I COULD  
HAVE EVER BECOME A  
PROGRAMMER\_**



I DID  
SOMEHOW  
MANAGE TO GET  
INTO A COMPUTER  
SCIENCE PROGRAM AT SOME  
CRAPPY COMMUNITY  
COLLEGE..

BUT I  
COULDN'T  
EVEN ADJUST TO  
THAT AND ENDED UP  
DROPPING OUT..



AFTER THAT,  
I KEPT CHANGING  
PART-TIME JOBS BEFORE  
LIVING AS A HIKikomori  
FOR A FEW YEARS,  
AND NOW I'M  
ALREADY 35...

WOW..  
WHERE DID  
ALL OF THAT  
TIME GO..?



HM?

MY ARMY  
UNIFORM IS IN  
HERE TOO..?



COME TO  
THINK OF IT,  
I WORKED HARDER  
AT THIS TIME THAN  
ANY OTHER TIME  
IN MY ENTIRE  
LIFE...

I WONDER  
HOW THE OTHER  
SQUAD MEMBERS  
ARE DOING...





I'VE HEARD  
THEY STILL MEET UP  
SOMETIMES..



I SHOULD  
PROBABLY GO AND  
SEE THEM  
SOMEDAY...



...





A person with dark hair and bangs is shown from the chest up, holding a small white card in front of their face. They are looking down at the card with a somber expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

WE LIVED  
IN POVERTY  
SINCE I WAS LITTLE  
THANKS TO  
HIM.

I DON'T  
EVEN REMEMBER  
MY MOM'S FACE  
SINCE SHE LEFT  
US.

HE KNEW  
NOTHING..  
HE HAD NO  
SKILLS..

WE DIDN'T  
SPEAK THE SAME  
LANGUAGE.



HE REALLY  
WAS THE WORST  
POSSIBLE DAD.



WAIT,

SO IS  
THIS ALL THAT'S  
IN HERE...?



WHO  
SENT ME ALL  
OF THIS CRAP...?









ACTUALLY..  
I WANTED TO  
APOLOGIZE..

DAD  
ALWAYS  
DENIED  
IT..



BUT IT'S  
MY FAULT THAT  
HE DIED AFTER LIVING  
SUCH A HARD  
LIFE.

I'M SORRY, DAD.



CLICK  
CLICK

!?

CREAK

W..WHAT  
THE..!?



W..WHO  
ARE YOU  
PEOPLE..?!

A woman with short dark hair and a concerned expression stands in a hallway. She is looking at two men whose backs are to the camera. The man on the left is wearing a white shirt, and the man on the right is wearing a dark shirt. The hallway has a window with a grid pattern in the background.



UGH..  
THE SMELL..

Two men are shown from the chest up. The man on the left is wearing glasses and a dark shirt, looking slightly to the right with a concerned expression. The man on the right is wearing a white shirt and tie, looking forward with a slightly closed-off expression. A speech bubble above them indicates they are reacting to a smell.

H..HUH?

STEP

STEP











THE GUY  
LYING HERE WAS  
A HIKKOMORI AND  
THERE WERE PACKAGES PILED  
UP BY THE DOOR FOR  
SEVERAL DAYS.

SO THE  
DELIVERY GUY  
HERE THOUGHT  
SOMETHING WAS  
WRONG AND  
REPORTED  
IT.

IT LOOKS  
LIKE WE WERE A  
BIT TOO LATE.



End.